

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

VOL. 57.—No. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

PRICE: 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Instituted 1822. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

Under the immediate patronage of
Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN and the Royal Family.

President—The Right Hon. the Earl of DUDLEY.

Principal—Professor MACFARREN, Mus. D., Cantab.

The LENT TERM will COMMENCE on MONDAY, Jan. 20, and terminate on Saturday, April 26.

Candidates for admission (bringing music they can perform) may be examined at the Institution on Saturday, Jan. 18, at eleven o'clock.

VIOLONCELLO.
Mr. Bonamy Dobree's prize of 10 guineas for violoncello playing will be awarded at Christmas, 1879, to the pupil who may be judged to perform best a studied composition and a piece at first sight.

VIOLIN.
Mr. W. F. Low's prize of 10 guineas for violin playing will be awarded at Christmas, 1879, to the female pupil who may be judged to perform best a studied composition and a piece at first sight.
Competitors for the Dobree and Low prizes must have been studying in the Academy dating from Jan. 20, 1879.

Royal Academy of Music,
Tenderden Street, Hanover Square.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—SATURDAY MORNING, Jan. 4.

MORNING BALLAD CONCERT.—Mr JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce a SPECIAL MORNING BALLAD CONCERT, at St JAMES'S HALL, on SATURDAY, Jan. 4, at Three o'clock. Artists—M^{rs} Sherrington, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marriott, and M^{me} Antoinette Sterling; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Barton McGuckin and Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Santley and Mr Maybrick. Pianoforte—M^{me} Arabella Goddard. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had at the hall; the usual Agents; and at Boosey & Co.'s Ballad Concert Office, 295, Regent Street. Notice.—The First Evening Concert in the new year will be given on Wednesday, Jan. 15.

WANTED, a PIANOFORTE TUNER, a Young Man of good address, and a thorough knowledge of his business. State age, salary required, and reference. Apply to Messrs PORTS & Co., 167, North Street, Brighton.

BUXTON PAVILION AND GARDENS.

VACANT, the position of MUSICAL CONDUCTOR of the Band of the Buxton Improvements Company, Limited. The engagement is chiefly required during the later spring, summer, and earlier autumn months. A thorough musician entirely competent to select, arrange, and conduct the band morning and evening, and to engage and control the performers is indispensable. Apply, stating terms, with references, &c., to Mr W. F. MILL, Secretary, Pavilion, Buxton, Derbyshire.

REMOVAL.

TITO DI GIO. RICORDI
(OF MILAN)

Has the honour to announce that he has
REMOVED HIS LONDON MUSICAL ESTABLISHMENT

TO
265, REGENT STREET, W., on DECEMBER 21.

Lists of Vocal, Pianoforte, or Instrumental Music of every description gratis and post free.

All Sheet Music at half price. Sample Copies to the Trade on the usual terms.

All works produced in Italy, &c., promptly procured without extra charge.

265.—REGENT STREET, W., LONDON.—265.

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

ST GEORGE'S HALL. Established 1861.

Principal—Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc., Cantab.
Examiners—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Signor BEVIGNANI.

The next SOIRÉE-MUSICALE by the Students of the London Academy of Music studying in the classes of the following Professors will take place in ST GEORGE'S HALL, on TUESDAY, Feb. 11:—

Signori GARCIA, SCHIRA, LABIACHE; MM. J. F. BARNETT, HENSELER, LAISTYER, LOGE; Signori TRAVENTI, SCUDERI, G. GARCIA, TABTAGLIONI; HERREN LEHMEYER, BARTH, TREW, P. ROCHE, and W. GANZ; Messrs J. BARNETT, HANDEL GRAH, BEAVAN; MM. ORETHUR and WRIGHT; POLLITZER, LUDWIG; Signor PEZZE.

The Academy is for amateur as well as professional students. The year is divided into three Terms. The fee, five guineas per Term, includes instruction in three branches of musical education. Students can select their principal teachers from the above list. Those residing at a distance can receive all their lessons on one day in the week. Signor G. Garcia's evening class for gentlemen is on Monday, and his dramatic class on Tuesday, at 6 p.m.

The next Term commences on Friday, Jan. 17. Amateur and professional students desirous of entering on that day should attend on either Wednesday, Jan. 15, or Thursday, Jan. 16, between 11 and 4. Examination fee, 5s.

Prospectuses at St George's Hall, Regent Street North.

LONDON CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.—

Professors and Examiners—Signori Tito Mattel, Enrico Mattel, Monari Rocca; Herren Lutgen and Jacoby; Messrs Albert, Boumann, Amand Castegnier, Tournier, and J. Riviere; Messrs H. C. Cooper, F. Chatterton, T. Lawrence, J. Hutchins, T. E. Mann, T. Harper, Bernhardi, and Lansdowne Cottell. The fee for residents is 21 guineas per term, inclusive of full board and a first-class railway season ticket; Opera admission, &c. Students can enter any time. Programmes and prospectuses post free.—C. RAY, Sec., Langham Hall, W.

MAD. SAINTON-DOLBY'S ACADEMY.—The next Term commences on MONDAY, Jan. 13th. Prospectuses and particulars can be obtained of Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park.

Now Ready, in Svo, price 3s. 6d.

PART V. OF

A DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

EDITED BY GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L.

To be completed in about Twelve Quarterly Parts.

("Ferrarese del Bene" to "Guitar").

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

"LITTLE BOY SAILOR."

THE GEM OF THE SEASON.

"Little boy sailor, with jacket of blue,
Fond hearts at home have been thinking of you;
Dreaming the long nights and thinking all day
Of a little boy sailor while he was away."

CHAPPELL & Co., New Bond Street. 24 Stamps, post free.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL has the honour to announce that he has returned to London, after several years' absence, and that he will be happy to receive Pupils for the Harmonium, and ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts and Parties. Address—Messrs CHAPPELL & Co., 80, New Bond Street.

REMOVAL.

MR WILBYE-COOPER begs to announce his Removal to 20, Warwick Road, North Clifton Gardens, Maida Hill, where his VOCAL SCHOOL will be resumed early in January, and where all letters should be addressed.

ASCHER'S "ALICE," and "SOUVENIR DU PASSÉ."

MISS NINA BRUNEL will play ASCHER's popular Solo on "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and his "SOUVENIR DU PASSÉ," on Jan. 27 next, at a grand concert in Cannon Street Hotel.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR JOHN CROSS will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Lisé Thomas's Soirée-Musicale, 97, Gower Street, Bedford Square, Jan. 7.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR F. E. LONGWORTH will sing **ASCHER's** popular Romance (by desire), "**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?**" on Jan. 7, at the Tolmer School Hall, Kenilworth Town.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR JAMES SIDNEY will sing, by desire, the popular Romance, "**ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?**" at the Leeds Masonic Hall Concert, Feb. 19th, 1879.

NEW SERIES.—No. 5.]

(PRICE ONE SHILLING.)

The Theatre:**A MONTHLY REVIEW AND MAGAZINE.**

DECEMBER 1, 1878.

BILL OF THE PLAY.

1. THE WATCH-TOWER: "Mr Phelps;" "French authors and English adaptors;" "The Censorship on its Trial."
2. PORTRAIT OF MISS ROSELLE.
3. THE ROUND TABLE: "Mr Phelps and the Fool's Revenge," by Tom Taylor; "The Grave of Richard III.," by Henry Irving; "The National Theatre Question," by George Godwin, F.R.S.; "Mr Phelps at the Gaiety," by John Hollingshead; "Actors and Faces," by Percy Fitzgerald.
4. PORTRAIT OF MR FARREN.
5. FEUILLETON: "My first critique," by L. F. Austin.
6. NOTES *en passant*.
7. The Drama in London, the Provinces, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Rome, Milan, and New York.
8. Echoes from the Green-room.
9. LITERATURE: "Miss Fanny Kemble's Reminiscences," "Shakspeare and his Contemporaries."
10. CORRESPONDENCE: Mr Irving and America.

London: WYMAN & SONS, 81, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE**"CHAMPION BRASS & MILITARY BAND JOURNAL."**

52, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

Nov. 23, 1878.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

IN consequence of the enormous increase in the circulation of the "**CHAMPION JOURNAL**," my present business premises are inadequate for the requirements of the same. I have therefore made arrangements to conduct my business, after this date, from the above address. I have great pleasure in making this announcement, as I am confident that it will be fully appreciated by my customers, and will be of the greatest advantage to them, from the position being more central, which will greatly facilitate the despatch of business. It will also enable me in the future to cater even more successfully (if possible) than I have hitherto done for those who honour me with their patronage. I have endeavoured, and with great success in past years, to oblige and please my customers, and, in soliciting your continued support, beg to assure you that every order I may be favoured with will receive the most prompt attention. I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

R. SMITH,
"Champion Brass Band Journal" Office,
52, New Bond Street, London.

Just Published.

"LE RÉVEIL DU ROSSIGNOL." Valse Élégante. Pour le Pianoforte. (Dedicated, by special permission, to the **COUNTESS OF CHARLEMONT**.) Par **LILLIE ALBRECHT**. Price 4s.

"We have had frequent occasion to pass favourable comments upon the compositions of Miss Lillie Albrecht, a young lady well known in musical circles both as a pianist and a writer for that instrument. The themes upon which this Valse de Salon is founded are tuneful and graceful, and the arrangement for the performer, while not presenting any features of exceptional difficulty, is sufficiently brilliant to admit of being employed with happy effect as a medium for display. 'Le Réveil du Rossignol' bears the dedication to the Right Hon. the Countess of Charlemont."—*Sunday Times*.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

WILFORD MORGAN'S POPULAR SONGS.

- | | |
|--|-----|
| "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY" | 4s. |
| "SWEET EVENING AIR." Sung by Mr. E. LLOYD | 4s. |
| "HER I LOVE." Sung by Mr. WILFORD MORGAN | 4s. |
| "LITTLE BIRDIE SING TO ME." Sung by Miss EDITH WYNN | 4s. |
| "COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE." Sung by Mr. WILFORD MORGAN | 4s. |
| "BY THE SEA." Sung by M ^{me} TREBELL | 4s. |
| "I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN." Sung by Signor FOLI | 4s. |
| "ENGLAND'S RAMPART." Sung by Mr LEWIS THOMAS | 4s. |
| "A MOTHER'S LOVE" | 4s. |
| "TELL ME, AM I FAIR?" | 4s. |

RICORDI ("Memories"). Romanza. Parole del Signor **ANGIOLINI**. Musica di **ISIDORE DE LARA**. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"A DIEU A LA VIE." Nocturne pour le Pianoforte. Par **JOANNA ENRIQUEZ**. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"Simple and pleasing, easy of execution, and short. Well fitted for a drawing-room bagatelle."—*Pictorial World*.

"A DREAM WISH."

"A DREAM WISH" (Gipsy Song). Poetry by Mrs M. A. BAINES. Music by M. BERGSON. Sung with distinguished success at M^{me} Liebhart's Concert, is published. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"WHEN SPRING RETURNS." Song. Price 3s.

"SNOWDROP, SWEET SIMPLE FLOWER." Ballad. Price 3s.
The Words and Music by T. J. PROUT.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"SERENADE MORESQUE."

BERGSON'S "SERENADE MORESQUE," sung every evening at the Royal Aquarium Concerts, and at M^{me} Liebhart's Concert (by Miss Percy), is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW SONG.—"REPENTANCE." Words by E. B. MANNING. Price 3s. Composed by F. VON LESEN. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

"SLEEP, SLEEP, MY BEAUTIFUL BABE." Christmas Pastoral. Song for Mezzo-Soprano. Poetry by the late Father FABER. Music by **WILHELM SCHULTES**. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

"THE CHRISTMAS ROSE." Song. Poetry by Miss M. A. STODART. Music by **LOVELL PHILLIPS**. Price 2s. 6d. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

PIANOFORTE DUET.

"THE HAPPY HOME." Duet for Two performers on one Pianoforte. Composed by F. WEBER (Organist, German Chapel Royal, St James's). Price 5s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

"SE TU M'AMASSI." Melodia. Di **LUIGI BADIA**. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.
Where may be obtained, composed by **LUIGI BADIA**,
"LA NUIT SUR LE LAC" ("INTORNA AL LAGO") 4s.
"LEAVES OF AUTUMN" 4s. | "FAIR WAS MY LADY" 4s.

Published This Day.**MOSS ROSE WALTZ.**

For the PIANOFORTE.

Composed by

WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

O TELL ME, SHALL MY LOVE BE MINE?

(Song), for

MEZZO-SOPRANO OR TENOR.With Violoncello or Violin *ad lib*.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"Mr Henry Lutgen, the accomplished violoncellist, has here produced a song of more than usual interest, as it appeals to the sympathies of the musician as well as the amateur. Refinement of feeling, artistic conversational development between the voice, the *obbligato* instrument, and the accompaniment, and musician-like treatment of the harmonic combinations, form a complete and charming composition. It is for soprano or tenor voice, and we can with safety recommend it as worthy a place upon the pianoforte of every lover of good music."—*Pictorial World*.

"MY LOVE AND I."

"MY LOVE AND I" Song. The Words by **GRALIANA** CHANTER. The Music by F. NEALE. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W. Where may also be obtained, composed by F. NEALE, "GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR" (Song), words by F. E. WEATHERLY; price 4s.

Pills for Candidates.

Box II.

(Administered by Dr G. A. Macfarren.)

EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC.

In all cases of figured bass it is not the written intervals, but the complete chords which might accompany them, which must be indicated by the figuring.

1. Transcribe in notes of the real pitch the following extract from Spohr's "Overture to Jessonda," employing the G and F clefs only :

FLAUTI PICCOLI, in \flat E.

OBOE.

CLARINETTI, in A.

FAGOTTI.

1 e 2, in \flat E.

CORNI.

3 e 4, in \sharp B.TROMBE, in \sharp E.TIMPANI, in \flat E & \flat B.

1.

VIOLINI.

2.

VIOLA.

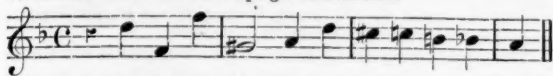
CELLO e BASSO.

The musical score is presented in a standard orchestral format. It consists of 11 staves, each corresponding to a different instrument or voice part. The staves are arranged vertically, with the Flauti Piccoli at the top and the Cello e Basso at the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The score includes a variety of musical notation, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The Flauti Piccoli part is in \flat E. The Oboe part is in \flat E. The Clarinetti part is in A. The Fagotti part is in \flat E. The Corni part is in \sharp B. The Trombe part is in \sharp E. The Timpani part is in \flat E & \flat B. The Violini part is in \flat E. The Viola part is in \flat E. The Cello e Basso part is in \flat E.

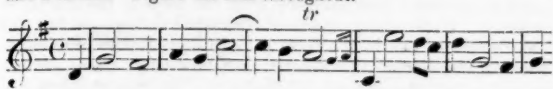
2. Continue the following as a Canon for two in one in the 4th above, strict as to intervals. Make the Canon perpetual, with one or more bars of free coda. Figure the Bass throughout. The Canon to have at least eight bars within the repeat.

3. Write answers to the following Fugue Subjects. State whether the Subjects be real or tonal, and, if tonal, whether authentic or plagal.

4. Write the subject to precede the following fugal answer. State whether this answer be plagal or authentic.



5. Compose a fugue in two parts upon the following subject. The fugue to include entries of the answer or subject, or else of a portion of either, in the keys of D and C major, and of E, B, and A minor, in whatever order of succession he may prefer, and to comprise also a stretto. Figure the bass throughout.



Friday, December 6, 1878. 1.30 p.m. to 3.45 p.m.

AUTOCRITICAL NOTES OF A JOURNEY IN A FOG.*

(Continued from page 822.)

2.

As, after the intermezzo of lunch and two hours' finger-exercise in the concert-room, I again dip my pen in the ink, it strikes me that the continuation of my concert-diary may, after all, not be sufficiently amusing either to myself or you for me to resist a temptation which, in the form of the book, the Bismarck Book by Busch, selected for my reading on my journey, whispers a very pressing *bis*. It is a splendid book, and for a week I have been indebted to it for the preservation of my good humour! The genial figure of our national saviour is brought, in all its genuine humanity, so near us, without its outbursts ever possibly endangering the respect due to the intellectual hero, that I fancy only those who sulk with the history of the world, whether to the right or to the left, or cringing courtiers and those who should have been such, have a right, or are bound, to turn their noses up at their countryman's thankworthy indiscretion. But what am I saying? I forget that the *Signale* appears in the intellectual capital of Saxony—so, quick; an enharmonic mutation. By the side of Busch is a new musical acquisition of the last few days, and, from a cursory glance at the contents, I feel bound emphatically to give it my approval; it is: *Theory of Instrumentation* by Ebenezer Prout—a popular edition for two shillings, 142 pages of close, clear print, and above eighty perfectly faultless musical examples. The arrangement of the subject-matter, and the execution, which holds a middle course between Berlioz's monographical and Gevaert's didactic treatment, appears uniformly thorough, free from pedantry, and as anti-exclusive as can be wished. Up to the present date we have not produced in German any practical handbook like it.

But I meant to write puffs only for myself. The subject, however, is monotonous. In Newcastle, and yesterday also in Cheltenham, I played pretty well the same programme; in Edinburgh, the most sympathetic town for me in the island, "the last five"—of Beethoven's sonatas, of course. My confidence here once more did not deceive me; my agent was far better satisfied than at the recent Recital in London, but then I had certainly indulged in self-competition calculated to injure the treasury. In Glasgow, where last season they impudently made so much of me as a conductor, I played pretty well to benches, that is to empty ones. Of the distress reigning there you can form no idea; you meet only *Ecce-Homo* visages in the street, with internal crowns of thorns. What Thomas at Bremen did not succeed in doing for the fifth commandment, the directors of the Glasgow Bank effected, on the grandest scale imaginable, for the seventh: they have taken from their fellow-townsmen the trifle of 10 million pounds sterling—that is, a quarter of a milliard of francs, with the help of 120 limited joint-stock companies. The persons, therefore, who patronise concerts are *only* those who subscribed to the Choral Union previous to the "explosion." The manager, Herr Julius Tausch, *Musikdirector*, whom I had the pleasure of perceiving in the same gratifying state as previously in Düsseldorf, has not, consequently, found a motive for a funeral march (I mean a mournful march of retreat) in Glasgow. I hear that he recently played Raff's C minor pianoforte concerto in very gallant style,

* From the *Signale*.

and conducted Mozart's C major symphony in the same manner. On being consulted in the summer of the present year by the committee, I proposed M. Camille Saint-Saëns as my successor, but am now glad that my proposal was not adopted, and in so saying I do not in any way mean aught disobliging to Herr Tausch.

My "mixed" programmes would probably not excite any extraordinary interest among your readers, as my practice to smuggle in, whenever I can, novelties of permanent value, is well known. Under the head of novelties I include, with other things, *opera incognita* of deceased composers, like Schumann and Chopin. Of the latter I have always succeeded in rendering the fourth Scherzo, the fourth Ballad, the third Impromptu, the less frequently played Nocturnes in C minor and F major, and, in a word, the manly, the ipisissimus, Chopin, plausible to the audience's love of knowledge, which is gratifyingly lively all over England, and thus even the said concert to empty benches afforded me satisfaction. In fact, a scant attendance has for me, at times, something especially touching and animating: those present are more individual, and therefore, of higher worth; the concert-giver feels doubly and trebly obliged to them for coming. I now lay down my pen, as I play this evening a comparatively new programme, that wants to be once more thought through. To-night I return to London, where to-morrow afternoon I give my second and, for this visit, last recital. Half my leave of absence has expired.

HANS VON BÜLOW.

Music in Germany.

(From Holiday Notes in the "Manchester Examiner and Times.")

(Concluded from page 790.)

From Munich.

When his late Majesty King Louis I. of Bavaria determined to erect a magnificent Temple of Fame on the brow of a wooded hill above the little town of Donaustauf on the Danube, he should either have given it another name or have selected another style of architecture. The dwelling-place of the old gods of the Scandinavian mythology and of the Nibelungen songs may not be precisely described in the legends, but one cannot very well imagine the councils of Woden or the advent of the Walkyres in the hall of a Greek temple. Yet the magnificent Walhalla which the Troubadour King built, with Klenze for his architect and Schwanthaler for his principal sculptor, is virtually an imitation of the Parthenon at Athens, and its proportions are very nearly the same. Pericles might consider this a compliment if he heard of it; the modern Athenians would say no better model could have been found. This city of Munich, too, is very rich in Greek buildings, and Greek names are common here; but, though it is possible to resist the feeling of incongruity which naturally arises at the sight of an almost exact copy of the Propylæa on the Athenian Acropolis as one of the city gates of Munich, it must be confessed that the neighbourhood of an insignificant Bavarian village is not quite the situation one would have desired for a modern Parthenon. There is, however, something to admire in the persistent efforts of the Bavarian kings and people to honour their great men. Walking through the streets of the capital, and even in those of any considerable city, you are certain to see the statue of some hero more or less known to fame, and the Bavarian monarch, statesman, general, or artist unhonoured by a statue in bronze or marble is really a slighted personage. But isolated memorials were not enough to gratify the *pietas* of King Louis. He built a hall of honour behind the colossal bronze statue of "The Bavarian," about a mile distant from Munich, where the busts of famous men are placed on marble brackets, with a not very dignified general effect; and, as the crown of all his architectural achievements, he erected a modern rival to the most beautiful buildings of antiquity.

The traveller going by rail along the line which connects Munich with Bohemia and Saxony may see, as he enters the broad valley of the Danube, near Ratisbon, this splendid Greek building, and he will never regret the trouble and time involved should he decide to visit it. Even as seen from the railway, six miles away, when the weather is favourable, its appearance is very striking. The white marble platforms and staircases which rise abruptly from the lower slopes of the hill are like the steep sides of a marble rock, and the Walhalla itself shines with dazzling purity in

the sunlight. Twice previously I had passed Ratisbon without visiting this remarkable monument, and a few days ago, being once more near, I gladly took the opportunity of inspecting it. Let me at once confess that I was so much impressed by its beauty, by the grandeur of its proportions and the magnificence of its decorations, that I am disposed to charge myself with ingratitude for having ventured to discuss it in a critical spirit. Tables of dimensions may not be descriptive, but they often help to form a more exact idea of a building than the most elaborate word painting. I will venture to call attention to the relative size of the Parthenon and the Walhalla. The hill on which the Walhalla is built is about 320 feet above the Danube, and the temple itself is 218 feet long and 102 feet broad. The height of the pediment is 60 feet and the shafts of the 52 fluted columns 29 feet. The Parthenon is a little larger, its length being 225 feet, breadth 102 feet, and the shafts of its columns 31 feet, but that the difference is so slight would, I think, surprise most observers who know both buildings. A more favourable morning for seeing the Walhalla we could not have desired; the deep blue of the sky, from which the majestic building seems to stand out, is seldom more beautiful in Athens itself, and the hill on which it stands looks down on a richly wooded inner valley, the dark foliage of which was an effective contrast to the white marble temple. Fully informed about the history of the building, its comparative size and the purpose of the builder, I ought to have gone in the spirit of reverence for the homage of the founder, and prepared to worship the genius of the Teutonic nation; but it was impossible to resist memories of the great deeds of an older nation, and one might surely be forgiven for dwelling more on the glories of the Panathenaic festival than on the apotheosis of Arminius in ascending the steps of the Bavarian Walhalla platform. And the fancy was free to wander—a few visitors, indeed, had been before us, and an exceedingly friendly Irishman, who declared that Mark Twain ought to have been with us, made valiant but melancholy and altogether unsuccessful efforts to compensate for the absence of his hero; but it was possible to enjoy the glories of the building and of the beautiful view from the portico in silence, and to be grateful that the gigantic Munich Bavarian did not stand on the hill of the Walhalla to overlook the mighty Danube, as the great statue of Pallas Athena once watched from the Acropolis over the waters of the Ægean. The subject of the sculpture on the south gable is Germania regaining her liberty after the battle of Leipsic, a choice which makes one admire the boldness of the Bavarians in glorifying a triumph which they did so much to postpone, and their abnegation in accepting a verdict of history which is not very complimentary to themselves. And no one could refuse to sympathise with the selection of the subject for that on the south side—the victory of Arminius over the Romans, another of Schwanthaler's admirable groups. "Varrus, Varrus, wo sind deine legionen," an enthusiastic visitor was saying to himself as he was leaving the Walhalla. I dare say the thought is often in the minds of patriotic visitors. The interior is really magnificent, and marble and precious stone, gold, silver, and platinum are employed in the most lavish fashion, but always in perfect taste, and so carefully is the place protected that visitors are obliged to put on felt shoes before they may walk across its polished floors. On brackets against the walls there are upwards of a hundred busts of Germany's most famous heroes. Martin Luther is there now, though during the reign of the founder the famous reformer was rigidly excluded. In the names of men honoured by inscriptions on the walls a very wide definition of Germany is adopted; thus in a very conspicuous place King Egbert's appears—sad to relate, even in this well-instructed country, the monarch who made Wessex supreme is called "the first King of England"—and, of course, Alfred the Great, Beda, Aleuin, Boniface, even Horsa, and, I suppose, Hengist, though I missed his name, are also honoured; but England, it seems, ceased to be Germany after the Norman Conquest, and Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton are not claimed. The cost of this magnificent institution was £600,000, and it is to be hoped that in time there will be something like value received for the price. The Walkyres are prominent figures in the internal bas-relief, but they are quite out of place in this classical hall. No! the Kobolds and the Walkyres will not haunt this modern Walhalla. They would never feel at home under a Greek dome, and would object to Dr Martin Luther even more than King Louis did; and if the imaginative would seek the spot where it would

not be difficult to dream of them, and where their existence is perhaps yet not entirely disbelieved in, they must go to the remote villages of the old forests, where railways are not likely to penetrate and where newspapers are unknown.

The neighbouring city of Ratisbon possesses a noble old Gothic cathedral, one of the finest in South Germany, indeed, in excellent preservation; its old stained windows can afford to be compared with the Munich glass of the modern ones. There are some remarkable echoes in the church, and the sacristan, a venerable old man evidently proud of his building, had a still sufficiently fine voice to produce telling harmony from the notes of the chords he sounded. Within the precincts of the cathedral there are two still older churches, one in the form of a basilica, said to be as old as the introduction of Christianity into Germany; these ancient buildings are not now used, but they are of surpassing interest to the student of ecclesiastical architecture. For the rest it must be confessed Ratisbon is a very dull place. Its old towers of defence, and the venerable Rathhaus, where the Imperial Diet used to sit, and where the instruments of torture used in the middle ages are its remaining lions, and the Danube, which is here a considerable river, give some little life to it; but the interior of the city does not justify the expectations excited by its imposing and picturesque appearance as seen from a distance.

AN OLD YEAR'S REQUIEM.

Another of Time's kingly race
Lies folded in his snow-shroud white,
While pale and sad the Hours draw nigh
To bear him in their arms from sight.
The royal bier is cloth'd with pall
Of silvery tissues, gleaming now
Beneath the flash of star-gems' sheen,
Cast earthward from the Night Queen's brow.
The voices of the waters blend
In soft, low requiems, that arise
To meet the tender dirges swept
Upon the night wind thro' the skies.
Ay, Nature mourns! she puts aside
The flowers that blossom on her breast,
Despoils her leafy bowers, and stills
The joy-song in each warbler's nest,
Then draws her veil of shadows o'er
The dying monarch's pallid face,
When at the solemn midnight hour,
She weeping seeks his last embrace.
But among men, how many pause
Before the bier with bended head?
How many kneel in prayer, nay, e'en
In re'nt thought, beside the dead?
Few only! Those whose gladness born
To die—was lost within his reign—
Who know such sunshine as the Past's
Can never brighten life again!
The heedless million celebrate
The old king's death with dance and song.
Fair Pleasure, thron'd on high, holds sway,
With hope-wreath'd sceptre, o'er the throng!
'Tis ever thus! How small appears,
'Mid the world's crowd, a funeral train!
A cloudlet in an azure sky!
Its reflex on a sunlit main!
The idol-worshippers, who form
The world, scarce note, while hurrying by
In haste to gain their several shrines,
That sable plumes are waving nigh!
Thus hath it been thro' ages past,
And thus, thro' years to come, 'twill be,
Until old Time, exhausted, yields
His spirit to Eternity!

Old Year's Night, 1878. A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*, as "arranged" by Wagner, has been performed at the Stadttheater. Mdle von Hartmann's Clytemnestra and Mdle Elgar's Iphigenia were much praised.

LOUVAIN.—The 23rd Psalm, as set by M. Ch. Lefebvre, was performed in the Cathedral on Christmas Day by 300 singers and instrumentalists before 7,000 persons. The impression equalled that produced when the Psalm was performed at the Trocadéro.

THE CARL ROSA COMPANY IN DUBLIN.



At the Grub and Billhook.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bedad! Thread on me skirts!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! No.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Thin, come to the *Giurl*? Be the hand of me body!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! Yes.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the bones of me bailiff! Come! [Exeunt to the "*Bohemian Girl*,"]

Mr Carl Rosa, we are glad to learn, is doing excellent business in the capital of the Shillelagh country. We take the following from the *Irish Times*:—

"Possibly the largest, certainly the most enthusiastic, audience of the season was present last evening at the Gaiety to witness the performance of Balfe's most popular opera, the *Bohemian Girl*, of which the sole right of representation now belongs to Mr Carl Rosa. The cast was as follows:—Thaddeus, Mr Joseph Maas; Count Arnheim, Mr F. H. Celli; Florestein, Mr Charles Lyall; Devilshoof, Mr Snazelle; Queen of the Gipsies, Miss Josephine Yorke; Buda, Mrs Burgess; and Arline, Miss Julia Gaylord. With the exception of Mr Snazelle's Devilshoof, most of the artists have been seen here in the same parts, which circumstance makes our task of criticism an easy one. As a matter of fact, a descriptive account of the proceedings would sufficiently fulfil our present purpose. Miss Gaylord's Arline is a very familiar impersonation, but it loses nothing by increased acquaintance. She looks very pretty, dresses most becomingly, acts and sings charmingly—what more could one require? That she has lost none of her popularity with Dublin audiences was evidenced by her cordial reception, and the unanimous re-demand accorded to the favourite song, 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.' Miss Josephine Yorke's Queen of the Gipsies was the same finished and dramatic rendering we have before now so often witnessed. Her song, 'Love smiles but to deceive,' was encored.



'The fair land of Poland,' with real power. The ludicrous arrange-

ment of the words of this air makes the phrasing particularly difficult. In both songs Mr Maas was encored. Mr Celli is the most interesting, because the least lugubrious, Count Arnheim we know of. The grief of that unhappy nobleman for his lost child is too commonly suggestive of bathos. Mr Celli's sorrow is manly and dignified, and there is real feeling in the way he speaks the speeches and sings the music. Thoughtfully read and artistically phrased, his interpretation of 'The heart bowed down' fully justified the applause and the re-demand which followed.

"Of the part of Florestein very little can be made, but it is one which it is most easy to mar by buffoonery or extravagance. In the hands of so competent an actor as Mr Lyall there is small fear of the latter contingency.

"Mr Snazelle had a twofold difficulty to encounter on assuming the character of Devilshoof. Following a popular artist who had almost made the part his own, there was a temptation to forget that 'comparisons are odiferous,' besides which the rôle is an arduous one, making demands not only on the comic powers of the performer, but on his self-restraint, which he must exercise in order to keep clear of exaggeration. Mr Snazelle was superior to the difficulty, and made an emphatic success. He was humorous without overdoing it, dancing with spirit and *abandon*, without being in the least coarse, and sang well, particularly in the dramatic duet with the Queen and the trio, 'Through the world,' which is sometimes unaccountably omitted. In the drawing-room scene he followed generally the old traditions, and elicited much laughter and applause. The concerted numbers and choruses went as well as possible. The orchestra was excellent under the careful direction of Mr J. Pew, and the solos for clarinet and violin were effectively played. The *mise-en-scène* is also to be commended, especially that in the square. This evening *Maritana* will be repeated, and to-morrow Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* will be given."

[Mr Charles Lyall's Florestein is not only the best now on the stage, but the best we can remember. We should like to see this versatile gentleman play Osric.—D. P.]

MISS BESSIE RICHARDS.

Our contemporaries, judging by their criticisms, would seem to entertain fair hopes of the artistic progress of this highly talented young English pianist. The *Daily News* thus refers to her performance at the recent concert of Mme Viard-Louis:—

"Bennett's *Rondo Piacerevole* was replaced by Chopin's *Scherzo* in B flat minor, admirably played by Miss Bessie Richards, whose mechanism was at once fluent and correct, and her style alternately energetic and graceful. Her playing, indeed, was eminently satisfactory in every respect, and this is said with a distinct recollection of Chopin's own incomparable performance of the same piece."

The *Observer*, alluding to the same occasion, has the following:—

"Owing to previous indisposition, Mme Viard-Louis was compelled to restrict her own performance to the Mozart Concerto, and Sterndale Bennett's '*Rondo Piacerevole*,' which she had been announced to play, was withdrawn. Instead of this Chopin's *Scherzo* in B flat minor was played by Miss Bessie Richards, a young pianist, who has studied under the best masters at home and abroad, and who on this occasion made a striking and genuine success. Her complete mastery of technique was no less remarkable than the refinement of her style and the intellectuality of her readings, and she was rewarded with hearty and unanimous applause."

Let Miss Bessie but persevere, and, as Jules Janin would have said—"Elle arrivera."

AN OCTAVE.

In sweet remembrance of thee, lov'd Alice,
Dutiful daughter, now amongst the saints at rest!
Sister affectionate, mother fond, true wife, Alice,
Heaven has no nobler, worthier, sweeter guest:
We ill can spare thee from this earth, Alice.
Firm thou stand'st, a pattern to thy sex confest,
Perfect woman, finding home happiness the best.
Hereafter only let such bear the name of Alice.

Christmas,

WELLEN BENWELL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-FIRST SEASON, 1878-79.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

**THE FIFTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6, 1879.**

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI,
and PIATTI... .. Beethoven.
SONG, "O ma maitresse"—Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN... .. David.
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 81 ("Les Adieux, l'absence, et le Retour")
for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS... .. Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA, for violinello, with pianoforte accompaniment (first
time)—Signor PIATTI... .. Locatelli
SONGS, { "Star vialno" Salvatore Rosa
{ "Ja, du bist mein" Abt.
Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN.
QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 41, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and vio-
linello (first time)—Mlle MARIE KREBS, Mme NORMAN-
NERUDA, MM. ZERBINI and PIATTI... .. Saint-Saëns.
Conductor—Mr ZERBINI.

**THE EIGHTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON,
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 11, 1879.**

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 44, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and vio-
linello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI... .. Mendelssohn.
AIR, "O fiero e risospetto"—Mrs DAVIDSON... .. Handel.
ALLEGRO, ADAGIO, and GIGUE, for pianoforte alone—Mlle
MARIE KREBS... .. Hesse.
SONATA, in E minor, for pianoforte and violin—Mlle MARIE
KREBS and Herr STRAUS... .. Mozart.
SONG, "The mighty trees bend"—Mrs DAVIDSON... .. Schubert.
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—
Mlle MARIE KREBS, Herr STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI... .. Beethoven.
Conductor—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of
Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street;
Lamborn Cock, 63, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New
Bond Street; Keith Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria
Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s,
80, New Bond Street.

WADMORE MEMORIAL FUND.

Committee.

Prof. G. A. MACFARREN (Chairman).
JOSEPH BARNBY, Esq.
Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.
JOHN BOOSEY, Esq.
ARTHUR CHAPPELL, Esq.
W. H. CUMMINGS, Esq.
W. G. CURRISS, Esq.
J. W. DAVIDSON, Esq.

CHARLES HALLE, Esq.
HENRY LESLIE, Esq.
J. M. LEVY, Esq.
HENRY LITTLETON, Esq.
WALTER MACFARREN, Esq.
A. RANDEGGER, Esq.
CHARLES SANTLEY, Esq.
ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Esq., Mus. D.

IN consequence of the lamented and unexpected death of
the young and talented singer, JOHN L. WADMORE, his friends are most
anxious at once to raise a Subscription for the benefit of his Widow and Child,
for whose future he had not been able to provide. The recollection of his
endearing character and amiable qualities will strongly appeal to those who knew
him, and the honourable distinction he had obtained in his profession will be an
additional reason to urge your kind co-operation in this labour of love for those
left to mourn his loss.

Subscriptions are earnestly invited, and those ladies and gentlemen desirous of
assisting the committee in furtherance of this object are requested to forward
their donations to the

Honorary Treasurers.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & CO., 84, New Bond Street,
JOHN GILL, Esq., Royal Academy of Music, Teaterden Street, Hanover Square.
HENRY GUY,
STANLEY LUCAS, { Hon. Secs., 84, New Bond Street, W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'

GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

Price from 35 to 350 Guineas.

May be obtained from all the principal Musicians, Illustrated Lists free.
18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W., and the "Brinsmead" Works,
Grafton Road, N.W.

DEATH.

On December the 30th, at 34, Manor Street, Clapham, after seven
hours' illness, TERESA MADELEINE HALLETT, aged six years and two
months, younger and only remaining daughter of J. HALLETT
SHEPPARD.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

Kundry and Parsifal.

(NEW PANTOMIME *—CONTINUED.)

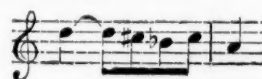
* Pace Dr Kenaley.



KUNDRY BOA.—I am the Isis Omnia of Egypt. Saturn was my
Sire; Rhea was my Dam. Come to me.

PARSIFAL ELK.—Nay. I fear thee. Why claspest thou a tree?
I am but Elk.

KUNDRY BOA.—I would clasp thee too. I am the Moon. Aswini
is mine aspect. Come to me.



PARSIFAL ELK.—Nay. I am but a goose-elk. Thine aspect to me seems Purvashara.

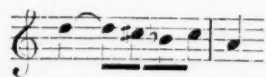


KUNDRY BOA.—Uttarashara, thou meanest. Come to me. I love thee!



PARSIFAL ELK.—Nay! Nay! Thou hast unjuiced that tree. Thou wouldst also me unjuice—a bare-boned elk!

KUNDRY BOA.—Thou errest. I am the Fish, and mine aspect is Uttarabhadrapadra. Come nearer. I will embrace thee, and thou shalt rejoice this tree.

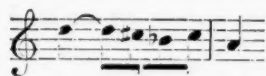


PARSIFAL ELK.—Not so. It is the remnant of the Scandinavian Ash. If thou art Chandra, lead me to Hadrteiman, to thy secret retreat, where, walking in brightness, thou dost perform thy nightly functions. Approach me not with a soft look, to unjuice me, under pretence of love. I was at Bayreuth, and saw the sword pulled out by Siegmund.

KUNDRY BOA.—Stuck in by Wotan?

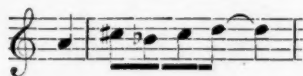
PARSIFAL ELK.—I saw Wotan stick it in, and Siegmund pull it out. Where gottest thou the trunk of it, about which thou fold'st thy coils?

KUNDRY BOA (*passionately*).—Erda! Erda! Erda! (*metamorphoses herself into Aphrodite*). I am of Ephesus—no, I mean, of Cyprus. Come with me to my temple. Thou shalt be happy. I am Titania.

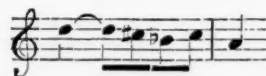


PARSIFAL ELK.—Nay! I am not Booby Parsifal, nor am I Weaver Bottom. I am Parsifal Elk. I was tempted of a devil, in guise of a lady, smooth-faced and smooth-tongued, but resisted. Go to! (*sings*) :—

Stick to thy swordless tree,
Thou ne'er shalt enfold me.



KUNDRY BOA (*resumes her original form*).—I am Bhuddha. I am 109. I am Carmen! (*transforms herself to Carmen*).



PARSIFAL ELK (*shrieks*).—Oh! Oh! Oh! (*rushes towards Kundry and is enfolded*.) O Siegfried! O Galahad! O by Abbs! O by Adnan! O Superfluous Second!

(*Curtain falls quickly.*)

Schluss folgt.

MADAME PAPPENHEIM has been singing in Manchester, at one of Mr Charles Hallé's concerts. She is next bound for Liverpool, and after that for a three months' tour in the country.

MADAME MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY has been playing at Brussels with brilliant success.

Pantomime, no Pantomime.

IN many respects, alas! in far too many, we may apply to ourselves the oft-quoted, well-worn, but still serviceable line—

"Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis."

As the rapid years rolled on, we have grown too sober and sedate for the tastes of our boyhood and youth, just as we have waxed too big for the skeleton suit in which our juvenile limbs were encased, what time knickerbockers were unknown, and young gentlemen's necks surrounded by a feeble and most irritating imitation of the Elizabethan ruff. We have long since ceased, when caught in the rain, to walk from preference, with a happy ignorance of rheumatism and a contempt for colds, through all the puddles we can find, a practice we once invariably adopted to the consternation of our nurse, whose powers of remonstrance were utterly insufficient to restrain us from revelling in our duck-like propensities. We no more yearn for snowballing, nor delight in cricket under a tropical sun, with the thermometer marking some abnormal number of degrees, and impressing on a celebrated firm of opticians the propriety of calling public attention to the fact by an advertisement headed—How hot it has been! The charms of snapdragon have paled before our repugnance for the sticky digital feeling which is the inevitable result of the pastime in question. We pass by sweetstuff shops with proud indifference to toffee and brandy-balls. We are callous to magic-lanterns, and prefer a seat in a hansom, or even an omnibus, to a ride on a donkey. This is fortunate for the donkey, considering that our whilom slim form has attained a bulk which turns the scale at—but why trouble the reader with superfluous figures? In one respect, however, we have remained unchanged. We are as fond of a Pantomime as we were on the never-to-be-forgotten dank, delightful, slushy, delicious, misty, drizzly, supremely happy night, when a rumbling, crazy hackney coach, redolent of damp straw, suggestive of decayed aristocratic grandeur, and driven by a huge great-coat, or wrap-rascal, with innumerable capes and a man somewhere inside them, conveyed us to the Theatre Royal Drury Lane that we might witness, for the first time, one of our favourite entertainments.

We can pardon a contempt for Pantomime in young gentlemen fresh from school, and engaged in battling through an apprenticeship of great bodily anguish while attempting to learn the noble art of smoking, or "men"—of eighteen or nineteen—at college, who consider it is the correct thing to fuddle their brains with vile, adulterated concoctions at wine parties, and create a disturbance in a Music Hall on the evening after a University Boat Race. But we have no respect for the pompous prigs of a more advanced age who express a dignified horror at the absurdity of Pantomime, and grandiloquently dilate upon its childishness. Poor dullards! They entirely ignore the truth of the saying, *Dulce est desipere in loco*, and think to earn a reputation for superior sense while most lamentably displaying their utter want of it. However, they are in a minority, and long may they remain so. Had Pantomime no other recommendation, we should still stand up for it, because it is able, for a short time at least, to bridge over the torrent of Time, and take us back to those blissful days when Christmas was associated in our boyish minds only with visions of turkeys, plum-pudding, mince pies, Harlequin and Clown, undisturbed by the dread of indigestion, and unalloyed by the consciousness of impending Christmas bills.

But then a Pantomime should really be a Pantomime in the genuine sense of the word. It must not resemble *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* omitted. Of late years this objec-

tionable resemblance has been gradually becoming more and more unmistakable. Just as Captain Titus, under the pseudonym of William Allen, proved, to his own satisfaction, though to anything but that of his Highness, the Lord Protector, an original theory epitomised, as: Killing no Murder, it would not be very difficult now-a-days to establish another theory, to wit that of: *Pantomime no Pantomime*. Our cherished entertainment, with its present long and elaborate opening and its stunted harlequinade, reminds us each successive season more strikingly of that disagreeably natural, or rather unnatural, production, a hydrocephalous child, all head and no body. We have not a word to say against our scenic artists. On the contrary, we are proud of them. We yield to none in our admiration of the wondrous talent which has rendered the name of William Beverley famous; we gaze with delight upon the marvels due to the brushes of such men as Calcott, O'Connor, Brew, Hawes, Craven, and others. But there is in all things a limit which it is unwise to overstep. The painter's brush, aided by coloured fires, Dutch metal, and elaborate machinery, has too great a share, to please us, in the composition of modern *Pantomime*. This was not so when Stanfield, Grieve, Marinari Roberts, and Telbin—no despicable limners, it must be allowed—first reigned supreme in the scene-room. We are sorry it should be so now. Let us, by all means, have good scenery—and with our eminent living painters good scenery is a matter of course—but do not let the *Pantomime* be forgotten amid the scenic splendour, like Jinks's Baby amid the enthusiasm of the meeting nominally convened in the poor little wretch's behalf. If, too, we are not mistaken, the public are beginning to have rather too much of Crystal Abodes of Fairy Bliss, Homes of the Mountain Sprite and the Sunlit Realms of Roseate Delight, Caverns of Magic Gems, and Coruscating Glades inhabited by Queens of the Rippling Streamlets, in all of which every object visible to the audiences slowly, and not always smoothly, unfolds, without the slightest rhyme or reason, into something else. *Toujours perdrix* is, in the long run, apt to make one desire a change of diet. The celebrated *Pantomime of Mother Goose*, produced on the 26th December, 1806, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, was played for ninety-two successive nights, a run almost equal, considering the difference between then and now, to the run of *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville. The performance on the eighty-second night, for the joint benefit of the Clown, Grimaldi—"Joe Grimaldi"—and the Harlequin, Bologna, brought in the sum of six hundred and seventy-nine pounds. Yet *Mother Goose* boasted of no splendid scenery or showy dresses. There was not even a spangle in it, with the exception of those which decked the harlequin's jacket, and even they were within an ace of not being sewn on. Might not a return be made to the old system? Why does not some manager venture on the experiment? We fancy that, if he did so, he would have no cause to mourn over the result.

We may be told that, to carry out this idea, we should have to begin by finding our Clown, as Mrs Glasse informed her patrons that a preliminary step to certain culinary operations was first to catch their hare, and that good Clowns are now almost as extinct as the dodo. We feel inclined to doubt this. We believe that the usual law of demand and supply holds even in the article of good Clowns. We do not expect soon to come across another Grimaldi, who was pronounced by John Philip Kemble the best low comedian of a period renowned for exceptionally clever and unctuous low comedians, and who seems to have possessed unlimited power over his audience. In one *Pantomime* he was introduced begging a pie from a pie-man. The simple expression, "May I?" with the accompanying look and action, was

inimitable, and one of the finest pieces of acting ever witnessed. Whether he had to rob a till or open an oyster, imitate a chimney sweep or ape a dandy, grasp a red-hot poker, take snuff, sneeze, make love, mimic a tragedian, cheat his master, pick a pocket, beat a watchman, or nurse a child, he did it in so admirably humorous and extravagantly natural a manner that the effect was irresistible. But, though we may, as already observed, not soon be blessed with a second Grimaldi, we may have successors in some degree worthy to wear the mantle of which we have heard so much. To do so, however, we must acknowledge the principle that something more than mere grimacing or tumbling is indispensable to constitute a good Clown. The Clown is the modern representative of the mediæval jester. He should not be an acrobat or a contortionist, but a satirist who takes advantage of his privileged position to shoot folly as it flies, and hold up cant and humbug to ridicule and contempt. Shakspeare says:

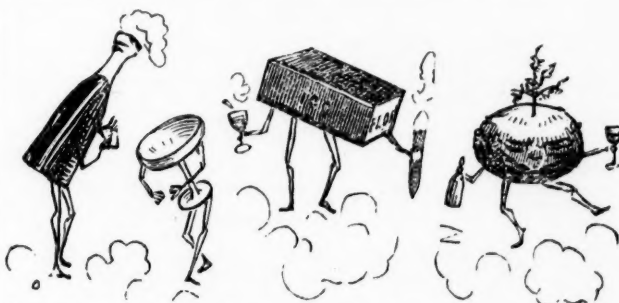
"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."

Clown, if deserving his name, is entitled to much higher rank in the aristocracy of the stage than that now assigned him. We might say a great deal more on the subject, but want of space warns us to conclude. Let managers think over, between this and next Christmas, the suggestion we have thrown out—for it is only a suggestion—and restore to Clown, with Columbine, Harlequin, and Pantaloon, the other members of the merry quartet, something of their former importance. Then, and not till then, shall we cease to lament the state of things summarized in the words: *Pantomime no Pantomime*.
J. V. B.

Pantomime.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—This is my long conceived and firmly rooted idea of a pantomime:—



Knowing it to be shared by many of your readers, I presume to direct your attention to it. Credit me, with sincere humiliation, yours obediently,
Paul Voigt.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recital by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 2nd:—

March, "Fête de Jupiter," (Polyeucte)	Gounod.
Romance in F major (Op. 50)	Beethoven.
Fantasia and Fugue, A minor	Bach.
Andantino from the Symphony "The Power of Sound"	Spahr.
Fantasia Pastorale, C major	W. T. Best.
Overture, <i>Euryanthe</i>	Weber.

LILLE.—At the service in memory of Pius IX. in the church of Notre Dame de la Teille, Signor Luigi Moroni's *Requiem*, which gained the prize as the best of all the compositions on the same subject some time since, was performed.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Fernanda (not Francesca) Tedesco.

MR ARTHUR CHAFFELL'S Monday Popular Concerts will be resumed on Monday night.

ACCORDING to the German papers the receipts of the Patti performances, including the Farewell Concert in Berlin, amounted to 112,000 marks, or about five thousand six hundred pounds.

MR E. J. HOPKINS, of the Temple Church, will read a paper next Thursday at Trinity College, London, "On the adoption of the ancient octo-chords in the construction of modern hymn-tune melodies." Illustrations will be sung by members of the Temple choir, accompanied on the organ by J. Turle Lee, Esq., organist of Gray's Inn Chapel. We are requested to state that, owing to the limited space at their disposal, the Academical Board are obliged to restrict the admission for the present course of free lectures to honorary members and students of the College.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR MAURICE EDWARDS, at his "dramatic recital" in Langham Hall, December 14, introduced Macaulay's "Horatius;" Tennyson's "Northern Farmer;" Edgar Allan Poe's "Bells;" and Tom Hood's "Bridge of Sighs;" with selections from *Macbeth* and *Nicholas Nickleby*; Sheridan Le Fanu's "Shannus O'Brien" bringing the entertainment to conclusion. Mr Edwards was assisted by Miss Nina Brunel, of the Royal Academy of Music, who played two of Ascher's fantasias, "Alice" and "Souvenir du Passé," and was deservedly called upon to repeat them both.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The nineteenth and last *soirée musicale* of the twelfth season (for the introduction of rising artists and the performance of new compositions) took place at the Langham Hall on Friday the 20th inst. The members who made their first appearance were Mr Le Sage, Miss Cecilia Edgar, and Mr Fulkerson—vocalists; Miss Edith Goldsbro, R.A.M.—pianoforte. The other members who appeared were Misses Effie Youatt, Jeanie Rosse, Alice Aloof, Charlotte May, Marie Avenel, and Lillie Albrecht; Herr Schneider, Messrs White, Prenton, Shute, and Chapman. Amongst the new compositions introduced were a ballad by Blumenthal (Miss Jeanie Rosse), and songs by Alfred Dye and Herr Diehl (Mr Prenton). The concerted pieces included a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (posthumous) by the late Mr W. Balfe, heard for the first time last season at the "Popular Concerts," played on this occasion by Miss Lillie Albrecht, Herr Schneider, and Herr Schubert. The trio, which is graceful and melodious throughout, was warmly applauded. Herr Schubert conducted. The hall was very full, and the *soirée* passed off in a highly successful manner.

ALBERT HALL.—The Bank Holiday was celebrated at the Albert Hall on Boxing Day by a concert of old songs and ballads, given under the auspices of Sir John Lubbock. The weather, unfortunately, was anything but favourable; the pleasant and healthful frost of the day before having given place to a raw, cheerless, and sloppy thaw. This, no doubt, spoilt the expectations of the *entrepreneur*, and but a comparatively small audience was present to listen to the good things set before them. However, if wanting in numbers, the visitors who found their way into the hall were brimful of enthusiasm, and the applause that greeted every thing was of the warmest and the heartiest. Nor could it have been otherwise. "Home, sweet home," as sung by Mme Elith Wynne, cannot fail at any time to give pleasure; nor could the fluent vocalization of the same experienced and graceful singer be better and more agreeably tested than in Bishop's still popular song, "Tell me, my heart." Then there was Miss Orridge, one of our most pleasing ballad singers, whose delivery of "Wapping Old Stairs" and "On the banks of Allan Water" was, in each case, as tasteful and expressive as could be desired. Miss Helen Meason, another clever artist in the exposition of homely ditty, was encoored in Sam Lover's quaint song, "What will you do, love?" and gave, subsequently, and in a simple, unaffected manner, that pearl as old ballad, "The Bayliffe's Daughter of Islington." The male singers were Mr Barton McGuckin, who gave Brahms' famous song, "The anchor's weighed," with all the prolonged effeminacy of which it is so largely susceptible; and—in place of Mr Sims Reeves, who was to have been present, but was unhappily not able to appear in consequence of an accident—was encoored with acclamation in Balfe's ever attractive ballad, "In this old chair" (*Maid of Hanover*), Mr Howard Reynolds sharing prominently in the honours of the moment by his masterly execution of the cornet *obbligato*. "Sally in our Alley" was also an item in

Mr McGuckin's list of contributions. Mr Maybrick, Mr McGuckin's associate in Tom Cooke's ingenious and mirthful duet, "Love and War," was on his own account heard with the utmost satisfaction in the capital song, "Harry Bluff," and his own popular "Nancy Lee," the latter winning its prescriptive encore, willingly responded to by "The Vicar of Bray." Signor Brocolini was also among the singers. Mr Sidney Naylor, who accompanied the vocal music, exhibited at intervals his attainments as an organist, winning a general "encore" by his able performance of the great prison duet from the *Trovatore*, in which he employed vox humana and cremona stops with sensational effect. Mr Howard Reynolds played on the cornet in Lady Dufferin's ballad, "Terence's farewell to Kathleen," following it up with "The Last Rose of Summer," manifesting in both instances his command over an instrument that never fails to charm a holiday audience.—D. H.

PROVINCIAL.

READING.—On December 17th, the Philharmonic Society, with full orchestra and chorus, gave *Israel in Egypt*, under the direction of Mr Strickland. The band was led by Mr Rosenthal, the well known and accomplished professor of the violin.

MALVERN.—The usual Christmas concert was held on Tuesday evening in the large hall at the College, which was filled with a fashionable audience, including the Countess Beauchamp and Lady Raglan. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens, flowers, flags, and mottoes appropriate to the season. The concert, under the able conductorship of the music master of the College (Mr W. Haynes), passed off in a highly successful manner.

EDINBURGH.—The annual concert given in connection with the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution took place last night in the Music Hall, and attracted a large audience. The vocalist was Miss Clara Samuelli, who had made a successful first appearance in Edinburgh at the pianoforte recital of Mr Dannreuther. Mr Dannreuther was again the pianist, and there were also a quartet of instrumentalists, Messrs Straus (first violin), A. C. Mackenzie (second violin), Zerbini (viola), and Piatti (cello). The concert was one of exceptional musical interest, and opened with Schubert's string quartet in D minor, one of the noblest examples of chamber music since Beethoven. The *andante*—one of the most delicious slow movements that even Schubert ever conceived—the *scherzo*, brimful of mirth, and the *presto finale*, were all played with finish and sympathetic expression, the solos for first violin and violoncello in the *andante* being especially well interpreted. The quartet, which ended the concert, Schumann's Op. 47 in E flat, originally written for pianoforte, violin, bass viol, and clarinet, but played last night with pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, received, on the whole, a masterly interpretation; and though the work is long, and the hour was late, most of the audience remained till the close. Solos on the violin, violoncello, and pianoforte were the other instrumental pieces. Herr Straus gave Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo* with much spirit, and showed complete command of its technical difficulties. Signor Piatti played an *Elegia* and *Siciliana* of his own composition, well calculated to display the rare qualities of his style, the purity and richness of his tone, the delicacy of his phrasing, and the intensity of his expression. Mr Dannreuther gave three pianoforte pieces—the B minor *Scherzo* of Chopin, Schumann's *Romanza* in F sharp minor, and one of Liszt's *Rhapsodies Hongroises*. The three pieces are widely diverse in character, but it is not too much to say that each was played with astonishing brilliancy, delightful clearness, and roundness of touch, breadth, and genuine expression. Miss Samuelli sang three songs: Handel's "Mio caro bene," Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's "Dawn, gentle flower," and F. E. Bache's "Farewell," in all of which she displayed a perfect tunefulness of voice and a true artistic method, which give her a very high place among soprano vocalists. Miss Samuelli responded to an "encore" of her last number with the pretty ballad, "My darling was so fair."—*Scotsman*, Dec. 10, 1878.

MANNHEIM.—Berlioz's symphony, "Harold in Italy," was successfully performed here on Christmas Day. Herr Gaulé was the solo viola. At the same concert Max Bruch's second violin concerto was played by Herr Florian Zajic. Herr Oberthür played his own concertino for harp (with orchestra), as well as his "Meditation" and "La Cascade," for harp alone, and, on being re-called, substituted his "Clouds and Sunshine." Herr Zajic also played Wagner's *Alhambblatt*, Schumann's *Abendlied*, and Paganini's *Moto Perpetuo*. The concert ended with the "Einleitung und Schluss-Szene," from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. At a *soirée musicale* given by Baron von Bocklin, Herren Oberthür, Jean Becker, and Hentschell played Oberthür's trio in F minor, for harp, violin, and violoncello.

HAMLET AT THE LYCEUM.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The preface signed "F. A. M." to Mr Henry Irving's acting edition of *Hamlet*—a veritable treasure of typography—is at once a candid exposition of the beauties and varieties of the new *Hamlet*, and an affectionate tribute to the art-work of a friend. A single sentence in this generous essay from one who has made this play the study of a life-time fairly embraces the dramatic idea of the new manager of the Lyceum Theatre. It is this: "*Without attempting to overburden the play with spectacular effect, and to smother the poet under a mass of decoration, it has been the object of Mr Irving, on the present production of 'Hamlet,' to obtain as much picturesque effect from the scene painter's art as the poet's own descriptions may seem to justify.*" Now, here we have the idea of the new *Hamlet* in a nutshell, and the most superficial acquaintance with the war perpetually waged between the supporters and the detractors of the Shakesperian drama will at once convince the unprejudiced of the difficulty attending a now completed task. If the manager is too archaeological, if he is too particular about costume, authority, and period, he is accused of mere millinery, and of turning *Hamlet* into a spectacle. If he produces the play bare, colourless, and unadorned, he delights the severe taste of the classical, and utterly fails in his desire to obtain popularity for the masterpiece of the poet. Mr Irving has steered a fair course between Scylla and Charybdis, and no one who dispassionately considers the decorations and design of this play can accuse the guiding hand of a desire to stifle poetry for the sake of show. We hold, on the other hand, that the method employed in this revival brings out and extracts the poetic essence of the original. We understand the play better than before, its manifold beauties are unfolded, its difficulties become clear, its marvellous variety attracts the attentive mind, and, at any rate, a grasp of the poet's idea is clear to the most clouded intellect. When the scene opens on the dark battlements of an ancestral castle, the melancholy of calm night relieved alone by a solitary star; when in an instant the mind is hurried from this awful hush of mystery and the terror of the spirit world to the gay and grandly coloured detail of a Danish Court, the pillars looking as if they were made of stone, the scene broken up and so instinct with life and colour that it is an historical picture in itself; when the terror of the meeting of *Hamlet* with his father's spirit is intensified by that scene of bold and rugged cliff rock and view of distant sea, the ghost standing out in spectral majesty against the crimson background of a breaking dawn; when that terrible interview between mother and son is seen in an apartment heavy with the folds of costly tapestry, solemn with the detail of mediæval decoration, and with a suggested influence of prayer and meditation; when the burial of *Ophelia* and her maimed rites are shown in the twilight of a departing day, the flare of the ritualistic candles contrasting with the tints on the fading sky, and the wail of the processional hymn intensifying the solemnity and beauty of the scene; and when, as a final effort of imaginative contrast, the climax of this grim tragedy is accomplished with a happy spring background of new life, fresh leaf, and orchard blossom, then, indeed, all who are not dull of understanding can read *Hamlet* with a new illumination, and can be thankful when the works of our dramatists, dead or living, are produced in an age of enlightenment and culture.

And this attempt to convey an idea of the thought and poetical impetus of the newly-decorated *Hamlet* leads naturally to the consideration of the representation of *Hamlet* himself—a character that in Mr Irving's hands has been ably and sufficiently criticised. It has been regarded from every imaginable standpoint: as an elocutionary effort, as a picturesque composition, as an example of humour, as an impression of comedy effect, and as a sustained example of the highest tragedy; but it is still an open question whether, in considering Mr Irving's *Hamlet*, too much laboured attention has not been paid to minor detail and too little credit to the sustained, the student-like, the elaborate, and, we may add, the consistent conception before us. There have been other *Hamlets*, doubtless, of more elocutionary power, with greater majesty of voice, and more prone to make the acting of the part a mere portentous and solemn delivery of Shakespeare's text. But Mr Irving's is a more subtle art. This is no declamatory exercise; this is no well-balanced and emphatic delivery of hundreds of lines of poetry; this is no schoolmaster or platform orator, who sometimes sacrifices sense for sound. It is as we see it the man *Hamlet*, or, at any rate, a view rightly or wrongly of the man *Hamlet*; it is a man swayed with passions, with doubts and with nerves, and not a talking machine. We see as the play unfolds the extreme tensions of the man's mind, his nervous irritability, his inability to bear up against the task imposed upon him, his affectionate nature bursting out and contrasting with the cruelty of his cynicism, his love and his hate in constant

discord, the disordered mind created by the disease of over-sensitiveness. We appreciate such a *Hamlet* because we seem to understand his nature, his doubts, his difficulties, and his temptations. He is human, and therefore he is interesting. With the majority of *Hamlets* we do but hear again the text with which we are familiar, and gain no further insight into character. This is not so with Mr Irving's impersonation, as has before been observed. An audience watching this performance is enabled to understand a difficult and complex character, and, as it should be with such a study, each time it is acted some new beauty is unfolded from the text. The comedy portions of the new *Hamlet*, and the harmonious touches with which it abounds, have been widely and justly praised. They came out now in a brighter and, if anything, a stronger light. According to Mr Irving, *Hamlet*, like many other clever men, had an intolerable hatred of a fool. The mere presence of Polonius irritated him. Good breeding and courtesy prevented any petulant ebullition of temper, but the cynical sneer and the scarcely suppressed irritability are ever present, and give emphasis to many speeches hitherto passed over and misunderstood. Like other men who have this sensitive aversion to fools, *Hamlet* hates also to be befooled. His nervous susceptibility revolts against the idea that he is being watched and pruned upon. He is out of sorts; he is distracted; he is not mad. This view of the character enables Mr Irving to make so much capital out of the scenes with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and emphasises several of the passages with the Players. It will naturally be asked how far Mr Irving has improved upon his original conception, and if, indeed, he has improved at all. We hold that he has, and in a very marked manner. Owing, no doubt, to nervousness or excitement, the first two acts were taken—as musicians say—slower than they should have been. The time was not always correct, and slowness of delivery is the most catching fault on the stage. Once the time is lowered every one falls into the same trap, and the effect is anything but good. A sensible improvement was made in the trying soliloquy, "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" in which the petulant utterance of "Who calls me coward?" was admirable; but it was necessary to wait for the third act to observe the new characteristics—extreme tenderness, and warm natural affection. Remembering Mr Irving's idea of *Hamlet*, it is an open question whether he has ever before so strongly marked out the affectionate nature of the Prince, his absorbing devotion for *Ophelia*, his friendship for *Horatio*, his unconquerable love for his mother. In the scene, "Get thee to a nunnery," with *Ophelia*, is expressed all the subtlety and variety of the actor's art. It cuts him to the heart to see the woman weep; he restrains himself from embracing her by an impulse that is almost heroic; his fingers wander for her hands, her hair touches his cheek, she almost bends for his support, his simple gifts are stained with her maiden weeping; but no—he is the victim of circumstances, he nerved himself for the ordeal, and he deadens the promptings of his heart with a wail of passionate reproaches and the hurried impulse of a stolen kiss. Seldom has the scene been played with such mixture of varied passion, and it is a question if it ever could have been so played had it not been for the assistance of Miss Ellen Terry. It was a case of art assisting art. The actor played the better as the actress realized the scene to perfection. *Ophelia* looked like a broken lily—she was a "Niobe, all tears." This was no simulated grief. The actress had entered into the soul of *Ophelia*'s despair; she sobbed as *Ophelia* would have sobbed; she bent like a ruined flower before the tempest of her lover's hysterical execration. Miss Terry's *Ophelia*, in the fourth act, is the perfection of refined, thoughtful, and poetical acting. The vacant expression in the eye, the exquisite modulation of voice, the wondrously effective wail of those minor melodies, the grace of movement and the marked maidenliness of this *Ophelia*, mark it as a creation which will long live in the memory.

The general performance was what might have been expected at a theatre with such high aims and ambitions. The Ghost of Mr Mead, dignified, resonant, and sonorous; the Queen of Miss Pauncefort, gracefully balanced, with one hysterical outburst in the scene with *Hamlet* that went home to every heart; the First Player of Mr Beaumont, a very praiseworthy example of thoughtful elocution; and the Osric of Mr Kyrle Bellew, a most carefully studied and effective little bit, could scarcely in these modern times have been improved upon. Without, however, unduly detracting from the merit of painstaking and excellent artists, it is not easy to see at first sight why Mr Thomas Swinbourne and Mr Forrester, and Mr F. Cooper and Mr Kyrle Bellew, should not instantly change places. Mr Swinbourne is an admirable King, and Mr Forrester would be a capital *Horatio*. Mr Kyrle Bellew is seriously wanted as *Laertes*, and Mr F. Cooper doubtless would fulfil the requirements of *Osric*. There does not appear to be much necessity for putting round pegs into square holes. We are aware that,

amidst many of the excellent and judicious restorations of text from the three editions of 1603, 1604, and 1623, incorporated in the acting edition, there is an implied idea set forward that Horatio was an older man than Hamlet. This is principally based upon the fact that Horatio seems to have some strong personal remembrance of Hamlet's father, and alludes to his son as "young Hamlet." But in the face of these observations we have the line, "I pray thee do not mock me, fellow-student," which would go far to establish the case that Hamlet and Horatio were contemporaries. At any rate, the tenderness and the beauty of this friendship—beginning at the outset and ending with Hamlet's death in the arms of Horatio—is surely weakened by making Horatio an older man and destroying the brotherly nature of this "dear companionship." There is an affectionate friendliness between men of the same age and "fellow-students" which would be impossible if they were not contemporaries, or nearly so. At any rate, the point is not important enough to prevent a change between Mr Forrester and Mr Swinbourne, which would be an advantage to the play. In other respects the alterations in the accepted text are most judicious, particularly at the restoration of the humorous lines appertaining to the "laying of the ghost," when Hamlet swears his friends to secrecy; the addition to the first dialogue with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and notably the parting with Horatio after the tempest of the play scene. Critical ears will be startled at "good-kissing carrion," so printed in all the original editions, quarto and folio; and, although not so printed in the acting text, unless our ears deceived us, Hamlet in the fifth act said for his exit speech, "The cat will mew, and dog will have his bay," which is, at least, intelligible, however much it may disturb a proverbial expression. But these are points to be debated on and discussed by Shakespearian scholars and students. Whether the carrion was "good-kissing" or "god-kissing," or whether the dog had his day or his bay, the fact remains that London is at this moment in possession of a representation of Shakspeare's *Hamlet* as complete and as poetically conceived as any stage enthusiast would desire to see, and that, if it be still maintained that the "drama is dead," it is clear that the new manager of the Lyceum will do his utmost to revive it.

Labial.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")



SIR.—Having been informed by several friends that Mr Maskelyne had constructed a mechanical performer upon the euphonium which was a formidable rival to myself, I took the first opportunity of visiting the Egyptian Hall, and I send you a description of the automaton, thinking it may interest your readers. When the curtain rose I could scarcely bring myself to believe

that "Labial" was not a living being, so correct was his attitude, both in a sitting posture and in the holding of the euphonium, and when I heard his first tones on the instrument, I was still more sceptical. I was not particularly struck with his sudden and rough burst out with the "Jingo" song, "We don't want to fight." I thought the tone rather coarse, but, upon reflection, I concluded that, at the present political juncture, an Englishman would not sing such a song in a tame, but in a blustering, manner, and that, therefore, "Labial" was right. Afterwards he astounded me by his truly wonderful performance of the "Death of Nelson,"

which was accompanied by Mr Charles Mellon (who, by the way, is a brilliant pianist, and plays with great taste), Mr Maskelyne and the automaton which he has named "Fanfare" also accompanying with two cornets. "Labial's" observance of light and shade (so necessary to a good performance on the euphonium, when used as a solo instrument) filled me with wonder—in fact, I was spell-bound. The lip action, in my opinion, is as perfect as with a human being, and in his strict attention to the *nuances*, he was very far superior to many professional artists. The impression made upon me at the termination of his admirable performance was a mixture of delight and depression—the latter from fearing lest, at some future time, living performers in orchestras may be displaced

in favour of *automata*. Upon my first visit I was under the impression that the performer could not be an automaton, but possibly a clever illusion. I accordingly paid a second visit, and sat close to the stage to notice whether the fingering was correct or not; I found, to my astonishment, that the passages were not only correctly fingered, but that "Labial" introduced slurs and appoggiaturas equally as well as any professor of the instrument, and I have no reason to doubt the fact that it is a mechanical arrangement, for the automaton is supported with a clear glass pillar, and anyone among the audience is allowed to examine the figure. To such musicians as feel inclined to witness a marvellous performance, I would strongly recommend a visit to "Labial." I am, sir, yours truly,

A. H. PHASEY.

December 24th, 1878.

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(From the "Echo.")

The annual Christmas concert by the staff and students of the London Academy of Music was given last Tuesday, December 24, in St George's Hall, and exhibited very satisfactorily the admirable system adopted in that institution. Of Miss Elène Webster, who headed the list of sopranis, there is no occasion to speak, for she has already secured a large amount of public favour by her excellent singing at the New Philharmonic concerts of last season, and at the Winter Covent Garden Concerts, and though wise enough to continue her studies under Signor Travanti and other professors, she may be said to have passed the Rubicon, and to be fairly encamped on artistic ground. It is only necessary, therefore, to mention that she selected the *aria* in *Rigoletto*, "Care nome," for the display of her abilities, and was most flatteringly applauded. Mme Bilharz, a pupil of Signor Garcia, and formerly known as Miss Madigan, can also hardly be regarded as a mere student, having lately *débuté* abroad with considerable success. Her re-appearance at the Academy Concert was naturally a feature of interest, whilst her brilliant execution of Donizetti's air, "Perché non ho," pointed her out as one of the most reliable aspirants for vocal honours. Neither of Miss Rosa Leo's singing need anything be said, save that it did justice to Gounod's popular song, "A te lieta," for this young lady is now before the public as a member of Mr and Mrs German Reed's company. With these exceptions, the students were those to whom a word of encouragement might be advantageous. Such a fine voice as Miss Marchant possesses is rarely met with, and though, like all voices of a similar calibre, naturally soft, it is evidently yielding to the art brought to bear upon it, and promises to compete favourably with that of the most popular contralto of the day. In Beethoven's "Creation Hymn," which Miss Marchant sang, there were heard tones which it would be difficult to match in melodiousness and sonority. Miss Maclean (pupil of Signor Lablache), Miss Josephs (pupil of Signor Schira), and Miss Tresselle also deserve to be credited with having shown remarkable abilities. The pianists at the London Academy Concerts always vie in number and talent with the vocalists, and last Tuesday there was no departure from the rule. Miss Chaplin (gold medallist) gave a very brilliant and spirited rendering of Raff's concert piece, entitled "Ode au Printemps," surmounting the executive difficulties with the ease of an experienced artist, and displaying a remarkable acquaintance with the style of Germany's most popular pianoforte composer. Miss A. Holman, in Mendelssohn's pianoforte trio in D minor, played like an accomplished musician, and not only executed her passages neatly, but with those inflections of tone so requisite in the performance of classical music. Miss Holman had the advantage of being accompanied by that master of the violin, Herr Pollitzer. The violoncellist was Mr H. C. Gough, one of Signor Pezze's most advanced pupils. Mrs Ullithorne gave a highly satisfactory rendering of Mozart's much neglected Concerto in C major, and introduced a *cadenza*, composed by Mr George Gear (Associate), which deserves allusion as a most masterly, brilliant, and effective *résumé* of Mozartian subjects, interesting alike to the performer and the listeners. Miss Kate Griffiths' performance of Moscheles' Concerto in E merits favourable notice, as also the pianoforte playing of Miss E. Holland, Miss E. S. Russel (pupil of Herr Henseler), Miss Douglass, and Miss Harris. The violin players who distinguished themselves were Miss Perkins (gold medallist), who gave a charming rendering of Wieniawski's "Légende," and Master Pearsall, whose present skill points to a very successful artistic career, should he persevere in his studies. The concert was conducted by the Principal of the institution, Professor Wyld, Mus. D.

THE LATE MRS ANDERSON.

The funeral of Mrs Anderson, pianist to the Queen, whose death was announced last week, took place at Kensal Green Cemetery on Tuesday, the 31st ult. Mrs Anderson had the honour of giving pianoforte lessons to Her Majesty and several members of the Royal Family, many of whom testified their great esteem for her by sending wreaths of flowers and immortelles to place on the coffin.

Mrs Anderson was one of the first lady pianists of her day, and in her the profession have lost a true and valuable friend. The ceremony was, at her express desire, of a very quiet and unassuming character, her few relations and most intimate friends alone following the remains to the grave. Her only niece, Miss Kirkham, who survives her, married Mr F. B. Jewson, the eminent pianist and composer.

W. A. J.

THE OPERA AT MOSCOW.

(Correspondence.)

Signor Bevnigani's benefit took place on Sunday night, the 22nd December. The magnificent Operahouse was filled to the ceiling; there was literally not a vacant seat. From the day that Signor Bevnigani's benefit was announced there was a rush for tickets, and on the 21st inst. there was not a seat to be had. The *maestro* is a great favourite in Moscow, and is loved as much for his amiable qualities as for his undoubted talent. The opera was *Don Giovanni*. After this the fourth act of *Les Huguenots* was given. The cast of *Don Giovanni* was as follows:—

Don Giovanni, Sig. Padilla; Don Ottavio, Sig. Pavani; Leporello, Sig. Ciampi; Il Commendatore, Sig. Ghilberti; Masetto, Sig. Caracciolo; Donna Anna, Mdle Mantilla; Donna Elvira, Mdle Fontana; Zerlina, Mdme Albani.

Mdle Salla was Valentine in the *Huguenots*; Sig. Masini, Raoul; Sig. Ughetti, St Bris. On Sig. Bevnigani's appearance in the orchestra he was greeted with enthusiastic applause. I need not comment on the performance of *Don Giovanni*, as in London you are familiar with most of the artists employed in it; but I may mention that as Zerlina Mdme Albani made her greatest success in Moscow. She was encoired in both her airs, and also in the duet with Don Giovanni, "La ci darem." At the end of the performance Sig. Bevnigani was called again and again before the curtain and presented with many valuable presents.

Moscow, Dec. 23, 1878.

WAIFS.

M. Alfred Jaël has been playing in Antwerp.

The so-called "Estudiantina Figaro" is expected at Trieste.

Mdme Désirée-Artôt is engaged at the Italian Opera, Moscow.

Gaetano Braga will shortly give a series of concerts in Naples.

Signor Tamberlik sang a short time since at a concert in Badajoz. Sig. Merelli will accompany Mdme Adelina Patti on her Italian tour.

Dr Ferdinand Hiller has received the Order of the Falcon, first class.

Verdi has himself denied the report that he is writing a new opera.

Mdme Adelina Patti will sing for eight nights at the San Carlo, Naples.

Mdle Zaré Thalberg is about to make a professional tour through Holland.

Carlo Brizzi's new opera, *Maria di Vasco*, will be first produced at Parma.

Sixty-two theatres are opened for opera during the present carnival season in Italy.

M. Anton Rubinstein is in Berlin, and contemplates remaining there some time.

M. Alfred Vivien is appointed Professor of the Violin in the Conservatory, Mons.

The tenor, Naudin, has been engaged for twelve performances at the Liceo, Barcelona.

Mdme Marie Dérisis has produced a favourable impression in *Car-men* and *Hamlet* at Ghent.

M. Faure will commence a short engagement on the 12th inst. at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

A new theatre in course of erection on the site of the old Amphitheatre at Vercelli recently fell down.

The King of Bavaria has conferred the Order of Maximilian on Herr Robert Franz, *Musikdirector*, Halle.

A new symphony by Herr Carl Gramman, composer of the opera, *Melusine*, has been successful at Wiesbaden.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has conferred the Medal for Art and Science on Herr Tietz, Ducal Pianist, Gotha.

The new Politeama, now building at Rome, is situated behind the Albergo del Quirinale, near the Via Nazionale.

The *Pseudolus* of Plautus, arranged for the Italian stage by Sig. Trambusti, is a success at the Fiorentini, Naples.

M. Jules Petit, the bass, is engaged at the Teatro Municipale, Nice, where *La Forza del Destino* will shortly be produced.

Report speaks highly of Signora Clementine de Vere, a young *prima donna* of the Italian operatic company at Bucharest.

A pianoforte arrangement, by Herr Kellermann, under Wagner's supervision, of *Parsifal* will shortly be published in Berlin.

Two new art-journals have been started: *La Opera*, in Madrid, and *La Revue du Monde Musical et Dramatique*, in Paris.

The management of the Liceo, Barcelona, is said to be in negotiation with Mdme Adelina Patti for a short engagement of four nights.

Heinrich Proch, the well-known song composer, and for many years conductor at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, died in that capital, on the 18th December, aged 70.

Herr Woltersdorff, proprietor and manager of the Woltersdorff Theatre, Berlin, and for many years manager of the Stadttheater, Königsberg, died in the former city on the 16th December.

Miss Louisa Ball will recite the poem of "The Wanderer" at Tolmer Square Chapel on Tuesday evening next. Although but nine years of age, Miss Ball possesses more than ordinary powers of elocution.

A few days ago a lady called at a well-known music warehouse in Birmingham. The place was crammed. She got impatient, so left the following written order:—"Messrs Truelove and Oh Kneel, I want the uproars of *Mary Turner* and *Troce Tory*." She was supplied, although the stupid music men in Wolverhampton said they never heard of the works."—*The Magpie*.

They do funny things in the United States. Mdme Marie Roze, for instance, recently sang to the convicts at Auburn State Prison. She insisted that even those in solitary confinement should be brought into the chapel, and after she had sung "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," and "Comin' thro' the rye," she went the round of the building, the convicts being retained in the room. Mdme Marie Roze then returned and sang "The sweet by and by," the report pathetically adding that "even those under sentence of death were moved to tears."—CHERUBINO (*London Figaro*).

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1878.*

Was it a star that I saw last night,
Beaming with lustre so soft and bright?
Say! could it be that Christmas star
Which guided the shepherds to Him so far?
How many years has its lustre shed
Brightness on earth over living and dead?
How many living have followed its light
To dwell with the bless'd "where there is no night."

* Copyright.

X. T. R.

BABY ASLEEP SINGS EPIGRAM.*

And he lay like in general kids do, asleep,
With his Ma's old cloak around him.

* Copyright.

X. T. R., JUNIOR.

[Oh worthy scion of a worthy sire!—D. P.]

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—An overture, *Le Roi d'Ys*, by Lalo, was well received at a concert given by Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, who played, among other things, the same composer's "Fantaisie Norvégienne" with great applause.

Lines for Music.*

(IN IMITATION OF THE STYLES OF WELLBEN BENWELL WELLBEN.)

Some one my Rondel has mangled ;
 I like not these new-fangled
 Ways of waggism.
 That Man would be sent to prison,
 And be kept there time ample
 If caught picking a pocket, for example
 Dishley Peterses of its snuff-Box,
 But for that I wouldn't care a Cox.
 Again, That Man would be hanged
 If it were proved that he'd murdered—F. C. Burnand
 —Let us suppose, but that's virtue
 In comparison, "Have I ever hurt you?"
 I could say to him, "You're not a gentleman, sir!"
 Now what to that could he answer?
 That being that I used to fondle
 In my mind's bosom, and that mangled my rondel,
 Such baseness is quite to make one tear one's hair able.
 I ask you, Mr Editor, is it bearable?

* Copyright.

Polkato.

Advertisements.

THE VOICE AND SINGING.

BY

ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.

Price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"The remarkable qualities of this book are the author's freedom from conventional trammels, the strong sense of his opinions, and the novelty yet evident soundness of his precepts; his work has consequently come into general use as a manual of vocal instruction."—*Daily News*.

VOCAL EXERCISES COMPOSED BY FRANK MORI

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

N.B.—These Vocal Exercises, as taught by FRANK MORI, are invaluable both to Students and Professors.

New Edition of "LE PETIT SOLFÈGE."

LE PETIT SOLFÈGE. Vingt Solfèges pour Voix de Mezzo-Soprano. Par Jos. CURCI. Price 6s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

"This work for educational purposes will be found of inestimable value, since it is one of the very few which confines itself to the cultivation of the middle of the voice; and whilst the phrases are admirably adapted to develop the breathing powers and volume of the voice, the melodies are so exquisitely harmonized that they must prove of great benefit in the improvement of the taste and ear of a student in singing."—*Pictorial World*.

THE ART OF SINGING.

New Edition, Revised and Improved, of

A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE FOR THE VOICE.

By T. A. WALLWORTH.

A Method as used by the Author in the Royal Academy of Music, and upon which he has cultivated the voices of his Pupils, Mdlle Alwina Valleria, Miss Lucy Franklin, and other successful Vocalists.

Full Music Size, price 7s.

London: HAMMOND & Co. (late JULLIEN), 5, Vigo Street; and of the Author, at his Residence, 86, Wimpole Street.

DR STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE.

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing afections of the throat.

DR STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE is universally acknowledged to be the most valuable remedy for sore throat, hoarseness and relaxed throat. It should always be taken before singing or reciting, as it strengthens the vocal organs. It is most extensively prescribed by the faculty for the throat and voice. Dr Lewis, of Basingstoke, says he finds them most efficacious, and in Dr Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine (Longman & Co.), they are strongly recommended at pages 872 and 1492. They are used by all the greatest vocalists and orators in Europe, and have been established over a quarter of a century. Testimonials from Patti, Grisi, Lablache, Santley, &c. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 9d., by all Chemists throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

CHAPPELL & CO'S
IMPROVED

AMERICAN ORGANS.

MANUFACTURED BY

CLOUGH & WARREN, DETROIT, U.S.A.

THE FAVOURITE ORGAN.



COMPASS, FIVE OCTAVES; TEN STOPS; FOUR SETS OF REEDS,
 OF TWO-AND-A-HALF OCTAVES EACH;
 KNEE SWELL; ELEGANT CARVED CANADIAN WALNUT CASE.

Price 25 Guineas.

CLOUGH & WARREN'S
IMPROVED AMERICAN ORGANS.

COMBINING PIPES WITH REEDS.

The immense advantages these instruments possess over the Organs hitherto imported have induced CHAPPELL & CO. to undertake the sole Agency of this eminent manufactory. A large variety on view from 25 to 160 Guineas. Price Lists on application to

CHAPPELL & CO.,
 30, NEW BOND STREET, W.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

Marche Militaire.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

ZEFFIRETTA.

Morceau de Salon.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

ZAUBERFLÖTE.

Fantaisie sur l'Opera de Mozart.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

MENDELSSOHN'S CONCERTO IN D MINOR.

Reminiscence.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

SYDNEY SMITH'S NEW PIANO DUETS.

	s.	d.
SOUVENIR DE WEBER - - - -	6	0
LE BIVOUAC. <i>Morceau Militaire</i> - - - -	5	0
MARCHE HONGROISE - - - -	5	0
ERNANI. <i>Fantasia on Verdi's Opera</i> - - - -	6	0
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. <i>Fantasia on Wagner's Opera</i> - - - -	6	0
MARTHA. <i>Second Fantasia on Flotow's Opera</i> - - - -	6	0

LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.